

HERGÉ

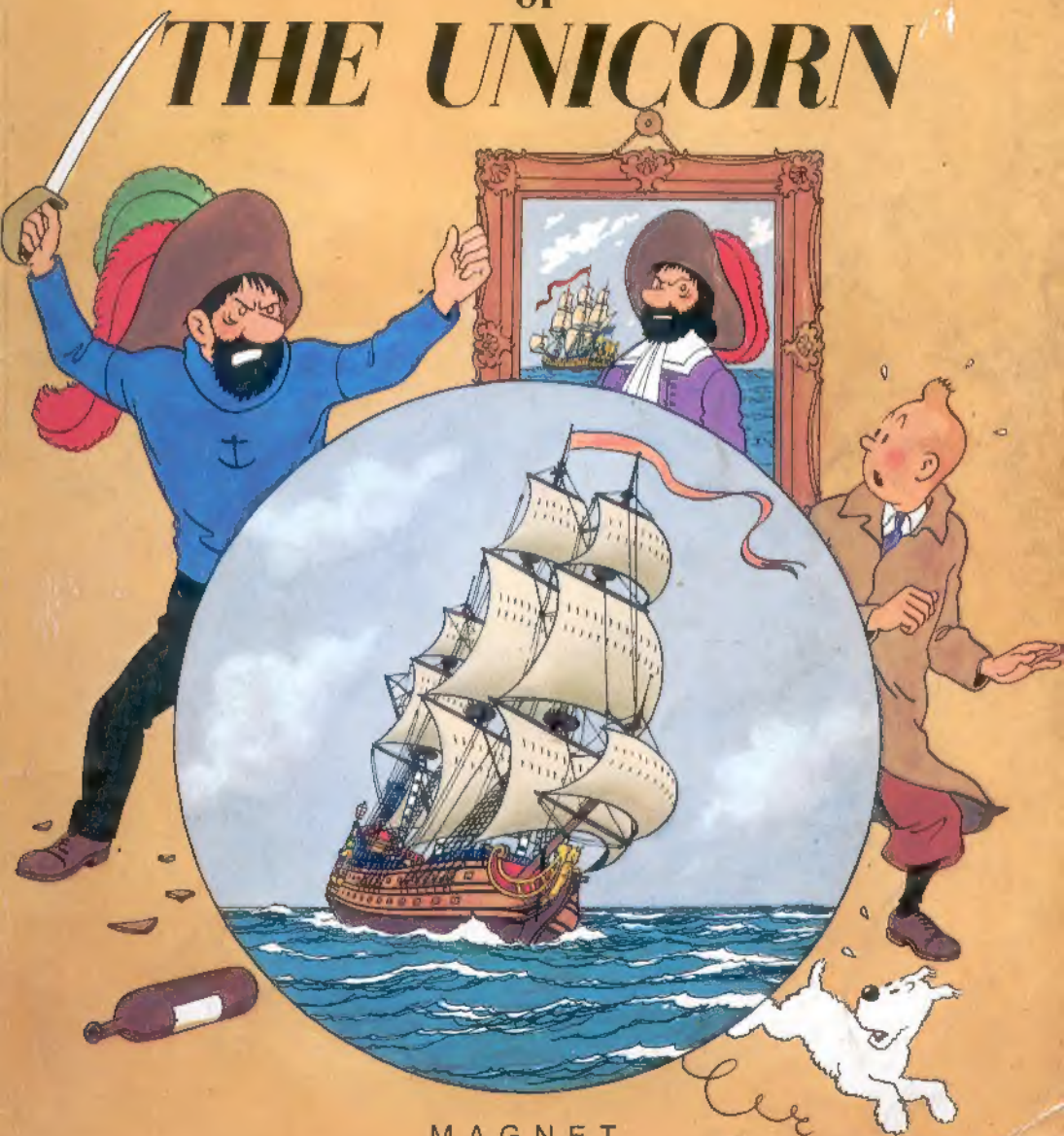
THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

\*

THE SECRET  
OF

THE UNICORN



MAGNET

# THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN



## NEWS IN BRIEF

**A**N alarming rise in the number of robberies has been reported in the past few weeks. Daring pickpockets are operating in the larger stores, the cinemas and street markets. A well-organised gang is believed to be at work. The police are using their best men to put a stop to this public scandal.

We must keep our eyes open, and catch these crooks.



How about starting in the Old Street Market? Tintin said he was going there this morning. Perhaps we'll meet him.

Good idea. Let's go.



Why, there are Thomson and Thompson.



Hello! ... How are you?

Look who's here!

Tintin!



What are you doing here? Looking for bargains? Sh!... Highly confidential!... Special operation: pickpockets.

But that didn't stop us from finding this job-lot of walking sticks.



How much?

Eight bob for the lot.



Six shillings.

Seven... but I'm robbin' meself...

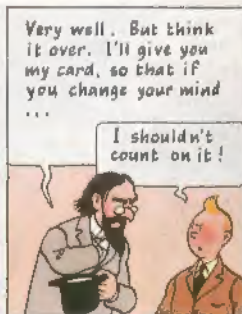
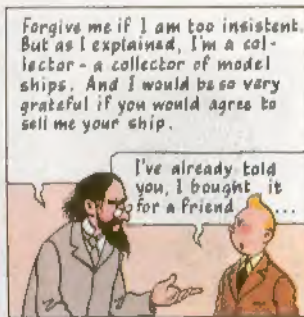
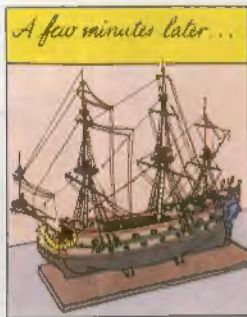


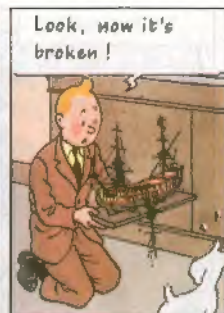
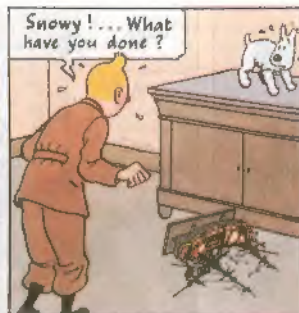




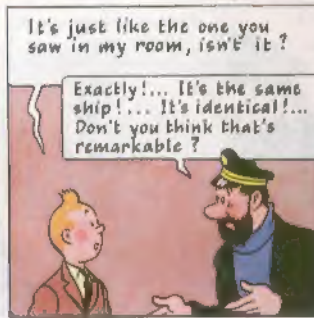












RRRRING...  
RRRRING...  
RRRRING...



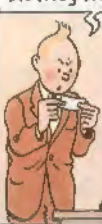
Hello?... Yes... Ah,  
it's you... Well, has  
your ship got the  
same name?...  
What did you say?...  
It's been stolen?



Yes, stolen!... Do  
I suspect anybody?  
No one at all... at  
least... Look Captain,  
I'll ring you again  
later...



Yes...  
he's the  
only pos-  
sibility...



IVAN IVANOVITCH  
SAKHARINE  
Collector  
21, Eucalyptus Avenue



Just you wait, Mr. Ivan  
Ivanovitch Sakharine!



Here we  
are...



RRRING



Something tells me he's  
going to get a surprise when  
he opens the door!



Ah, there you are!... Come in...  
I was expecting you.



What?... Expecting me?...  
Then you know why I've come.

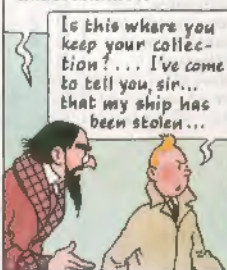


You've come to tell me that  
you'll sell your ship after  
all...

Certainly not!



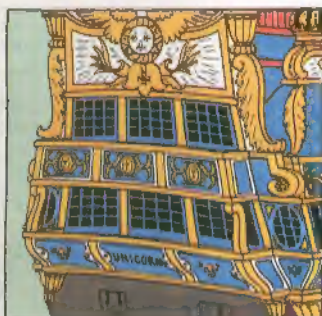
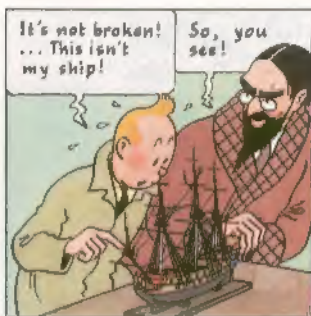
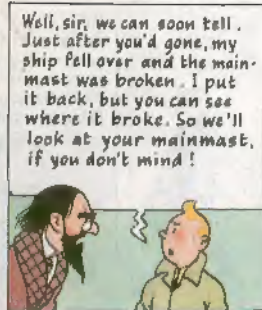
Not?... Then I don't  
understand...



... and that I'm waiting for you to explain  
how it comes to be here!









My door's open ! ... What can be the matter now ? ...



My flat has been ransacked ! ...



The gangsters ! What have they done to my books ?



This one is completely ruined ! ... The vandals !



Burgled twice in one day ... Not bad at all !



What have they taken this time ?



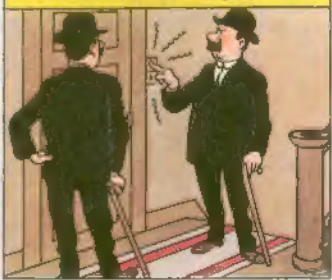
Very queer thieves ; they haven't taken a thing .



They've only searched the place ... I wonder what they were looking for ? ...



Next morning ...





Hello. How are you?...  
Good heavens! Whatever's  
happened?



Er... nothing really... just a  
little spot of bother in the Old  
Street  
Market

Er yes a slight mis-  
understanding. Anyway,  
we've come to pay you  
the money for those  
sticks. We called last  
night, but you were  
out.



Did you get your  
wallet back  
all right?



I'm afraid not.  
But I bought a  
new one this  
morning, and  
.. and..



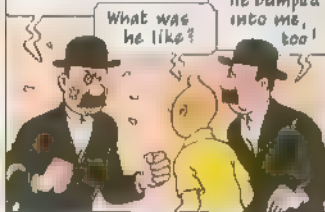
Goodness gracious! I've  
been robbed again!



Great Scotland Yard. That man  
we met last night on the stairs,  
on our way here!... I remember  
now: he bumped into me!

What was  
he like?

He bumped  
into me,  
too!



Quite tall. coarse features  
... black hair... small black  
moustache. blue suit..  
brown hat.

That's him.. the man  
from the Old Street  
Market!



But he couldn't have stolen your  
wallet last night, when you  
only bought it this morning

There's something  
in what you say...



Miserable thieves! A brand  
new wallet! Come along,  
Thomson, we must report this  
right away!



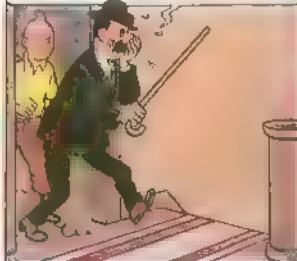
He's right!.. We must report  
it at once..



Look  
out!



Hey, Thompson, wait for me  
Where are you?



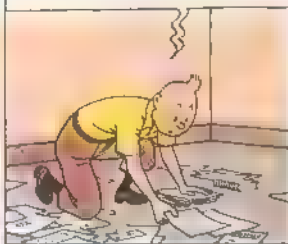
Here!.. I'm downstairs already



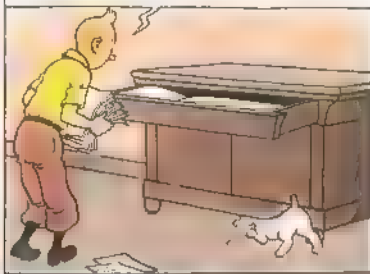
Poor old Thomsons, they do have rotten luck! There seems to be quite an epidemic of larceny and house-breaking.



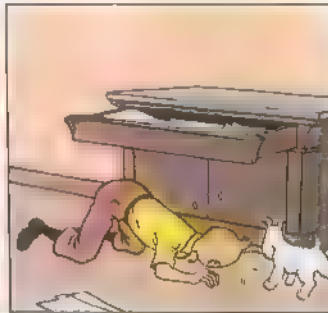
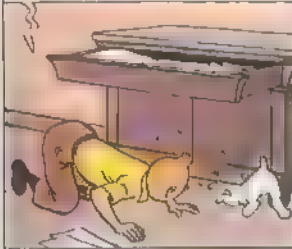
Oh well, let's try and get these papers sorted out.



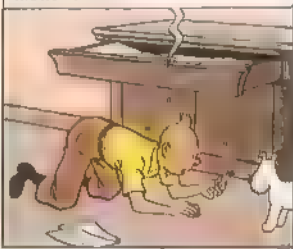
What are you after Snowy?



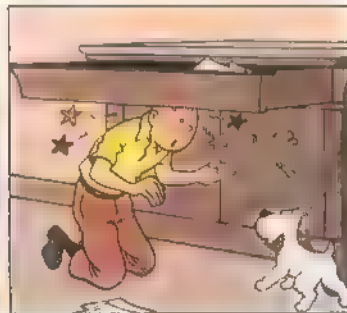
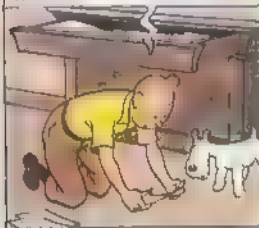
A cigarette, under there? That's a funny place...



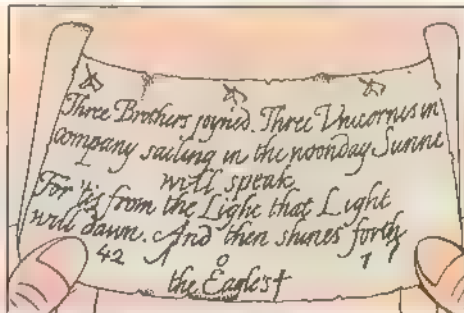
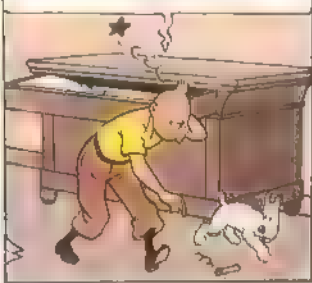
Why, it's not a cigarette, it's a little scroll of parchment.



But this isn't mine! Where ever did it come from?... let's have a closer look at it.



Here's another mystery!



But it's all gibberish! And where on earth did this parchment come from, anyway?





Great snakes! I've got it... This parchment must have been rolled up inside the mast of the ship. It fell out when the mast was broken, and it rolled under the chest...



And that explains something else! .. Whoever stole my ship knew that the parchment was hidden there. When he discovered the scroll had gone, he thought I must have found it. That's why the thief came back and searched my flat, never guessing the parchment was under the chest...



Tintin, you're a real Sherlock Holmes!

But why was he so anxious to get hold of it? If only it made some sense then at least...



I wonder... But... of course! That must be it! There's no other answer.



Quick, Snowy!... We must see the Captain



Why? What is it now?

Treasure, Snowy!... Come on, this is going to be a treasure hunt!



Yes, I'm absolutely certain it must be treasure...



The old lazybones! He's still in bed!



No! then where can he be?



No one at home. Perhaps he's gone out. I'll ask his land-lady



Captain Haddock?... No, I didn't see him go out. Hasn't he answered the bell? That's funny.



Perhaps he's in?

Il? He might be. His light's been on all night..



We must find out at once.



No answer?



Wait! He must be in. I can hear a noise..

Captain! Captain! Open the door! It's me, Tintin.



Not a sound

Still no answer...



THUMP THUMP THUMP



Come one pace nearer and I'll blast you to blazes!



Shall I go for the police?

No... a locksmith would be a better idea!



I think yes he's talking to himself! This is getting serious!



Ah, here comes the locksmith.



Got it?



Nope... can't do it, guv! The door's bolted...



We must force the door. I'll be responsible for the damage



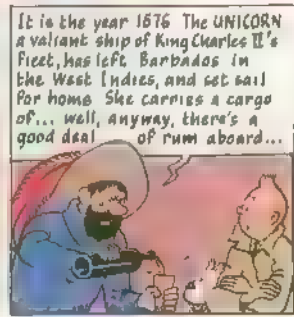
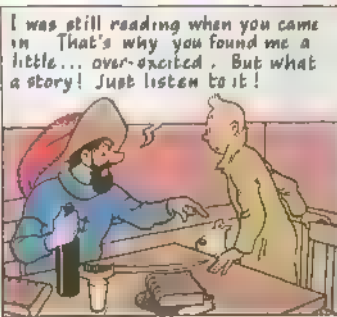
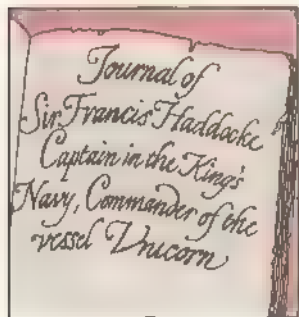
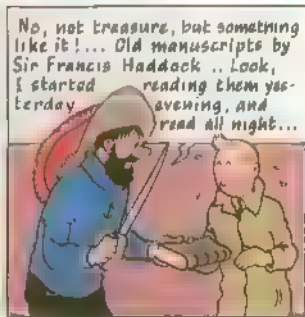
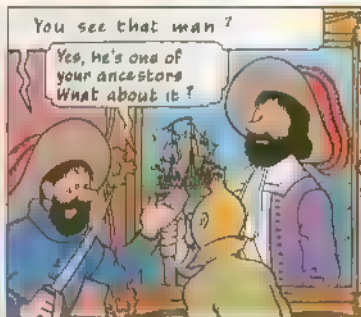
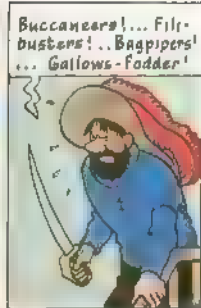
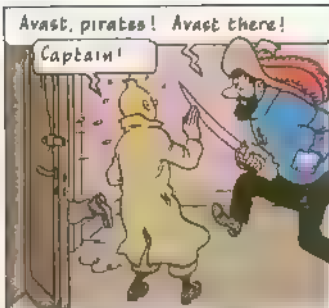
One two...



CRASH





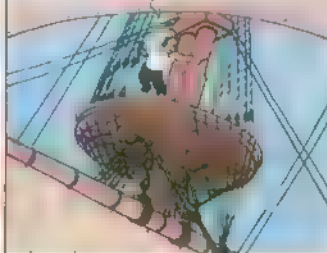




Two days at sea, a good stiff breeze, and the UN.CORN is reaching on the starboard tack Suddenly there's a haul aloft...



Sail on the port bow.



Thundering typhoons! She's mighty close hauled! Ration my rum if she's not going to cut across our bows!



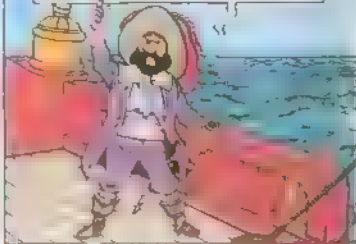
And she's making a spanking pace! One she's running up her colours Now we'll see...



The Jolly Roger!  
Pirates! ...



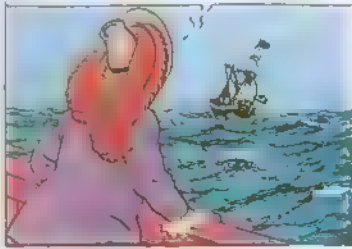
Ahoy there! Clear the decks  
for action! Man the poop!  
Stand by to haul the wind!



Turning on to the wind  
with all sails set, risking  
her masts, the UNICORN  
tries to outsail the dreaded  
Barbary buccaneers ...



Thundering typhoons! It's no use...  
She's overhauling us fast!



They must outwit the pirates  
The Captain makes a daring plan  
He'll wear ship, then pay off on the  
port tack. As the UNICORN comes  
abreast of the pirate he'll loose  
off a broadside... No sooner  
said than done! ..



Ready about!  
Let go braces!..  
Beat gunners to  
quarters!



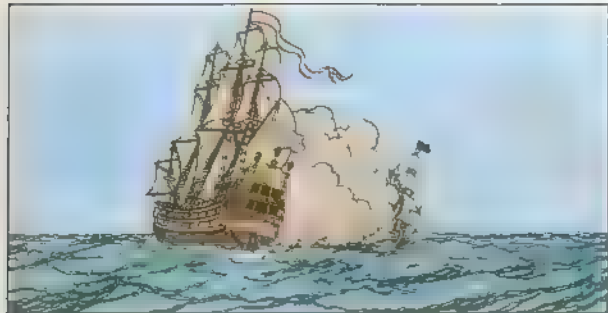
The UNICORN has gybed completely  
round. Taken by surprise, the  
pirates have no time to alter  
course. The royal ship bears down  
upon them... Steady..



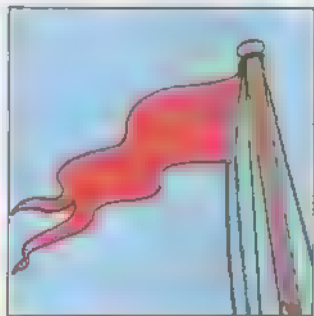
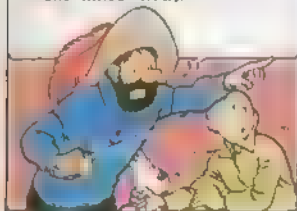
FIRE!







Got her, yes! But not a crippling blow. The pirate ship in turn goes about - and look! she's hoisted fresh colours to the mast-head!



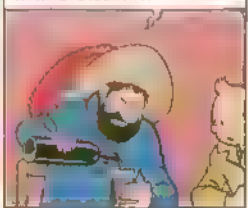
The red pennant! No quarter given! A fight to the death, no prisoners taken! You understand? If we're beaten, then it's every man to Davy Jones's locker!



The pirates take up the chase - they draw closer... and closer... Throats are dry aboard the UNICORN.



Close hauled, the enemy falls in line astern with UNICORN, avoiding the fire of her guns... She draws closer...

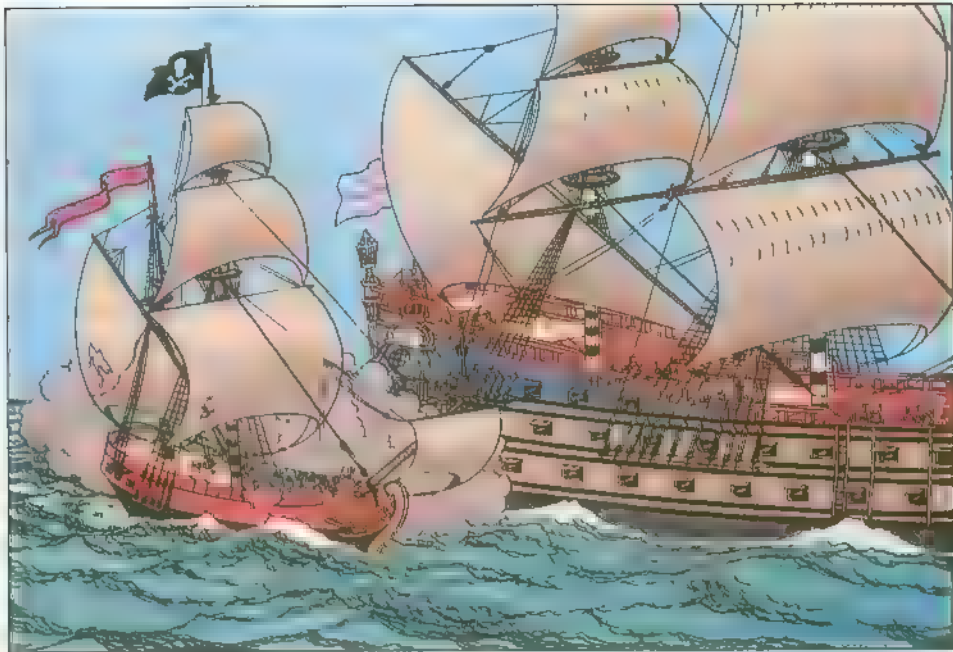


Then suddenly, not more than half a cable's length away, she slips from under the UNICORN's poop - whoosh, like that!



Then she resumes her course. The two ships are now alongside. The boarders prepare for action...



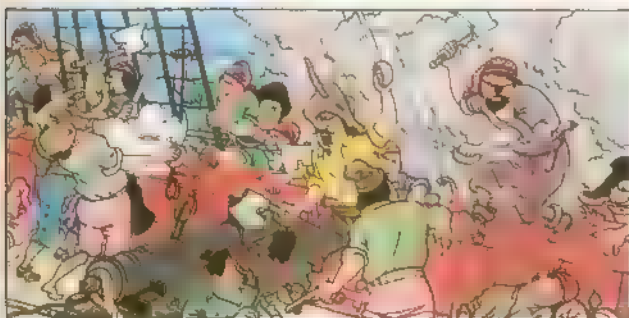


Here they come! Grappling irons are hurled from the enemy ship. With hideous yells the pirates stream aboard the **UNICORN**.

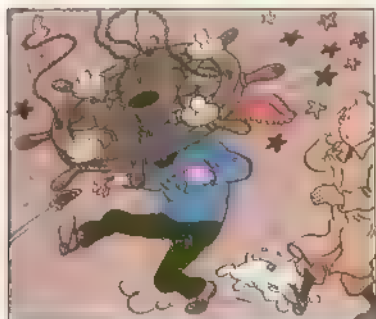
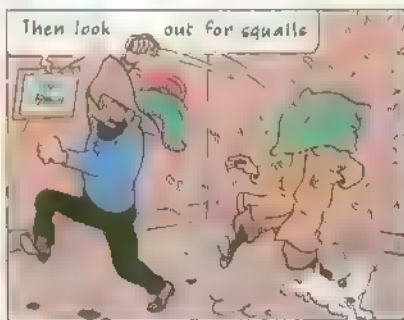
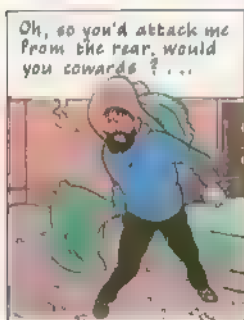


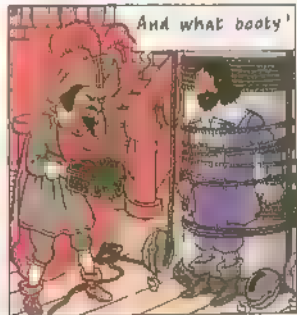
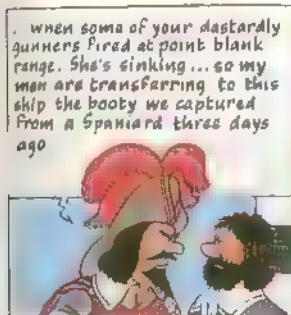
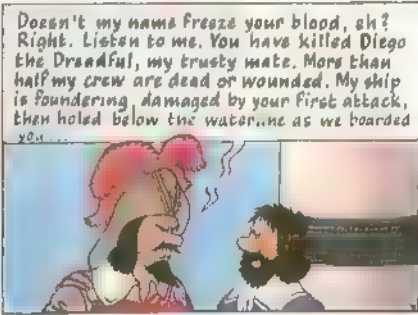
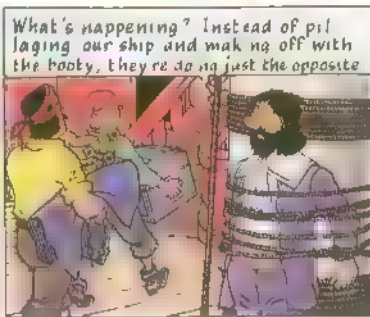
All hands to repel boarders!











These are worth more than six times a king's ransom.

Did you come here just to tell me that?



No, that's not why I came. I came to tell you that those who annoy me pay dearly for their folly! Tomorrow morning I shall hand you over to my crew. And that Flock of lambs know just administer a lingering death!



So saying, he laughed sardonically, picked up his glass and drained it at a gulp, like this



That's enough, Captain Go on with your story.



Very well. Towards nightfall, the UNICORN with her pirate crew sighted a small island. Soon she dropped anchor in a sheltered cove...



Darkness fell; the pirates found the UNICORN's cargo of rum, broached the casks, and made themselves abominably drunk...



Abominably!... Yes abominably. That's the word



Key, what's the idea? I only wanted to show you...

You don't have to, I quite understand



Just as you like, Tintin... Now where was I?

The pirates were abominably drunk.



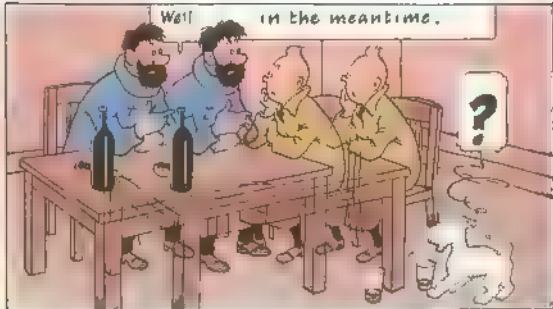
AAAAA-AAAAH!







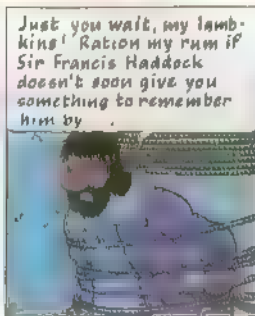
That's Funny!  
Now there are  
two glasses!



Well in the meantime.



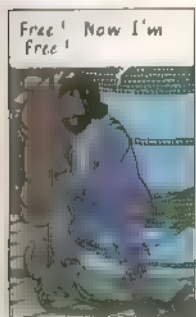
In the meantime Sir Francis struggled desperately to free himself..



Just you wait, my lamb-  
kins! Ration my rum if  
Sir Francis Haddock  
doesn't soon give you  
something to remember  
him by



Done it! That's one  
hand free!



Free! Now I'm  
free!



On your guard, Red  
Rackham. here I come!



And with these words he  
hurled him-  
self...

On the pirates?..  
Like that?..  
Unarmed?..



No, on a bottle  
of rum, rolling  
on the deck!..  
He opened it,  
put it to his  
lips, and ..



And then he stops. "This  
is no time for drinking,"  
he says, "I need all my wits  
about me!" With that, he  
puts down the bottle...

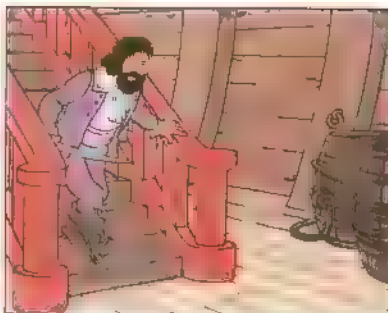


Yes, he puts down the bottle...  
and seizes a cutlass. Then,  
looking towards the fo'c'sle  
where the drunken roistering  
still goes on...

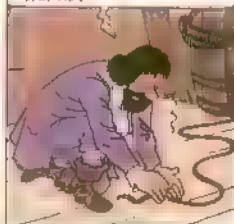


You sing and carouse, little  
lambc!... I'm off to the  
magazine!

You know, of course, the magazine in a ship is where they store the gunpowder and shot...



There!... The party won't be complete without some fireworks!



Now I must make haste! There's just time for me to leave the ship before she goes up!



So I've caught you!



So dog high! have I! be

you'd blow us sky Well, you won't that pleasure! skin you alive, fore I even douse that fuse!



By 'lucifer' I'll shave your beard porcupine!

And I'll pluck those feathers squawking popinjay! Fancy dress freebooter! Fresh water pirate! Pienanthropus!



Retreat as you may, you cannot escape me!

I'll run you through, prattling porpoise!





And as he fought Sir Francis kept thinking of that fuse, about to touch off the powder at any moment



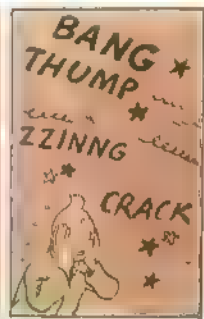
Suddenly, nimbly parrying a thrust he leapt to one side.



With one swift blow from his heel he extinguished the fuse!



Now, Red Rackham, my temper's rising!



Victory! Red Rackham lies dead! With a yo ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

That's that! May heaven forgive your wicked soul!



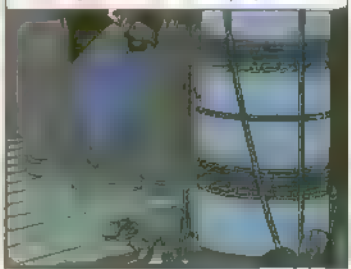
Enough delay! Now to light another fuse.

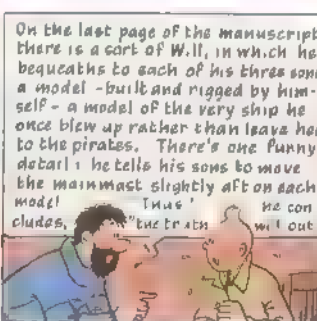
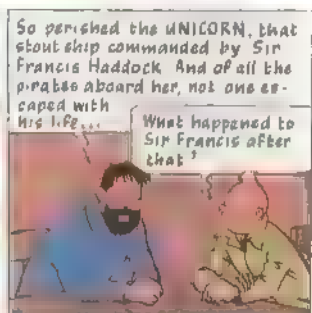
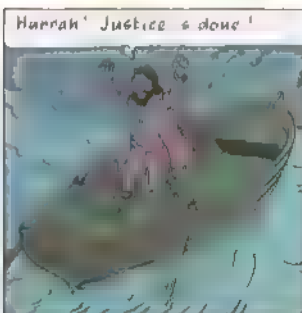
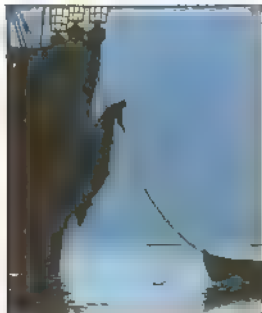


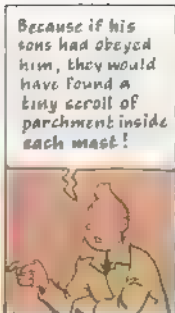
and be off!



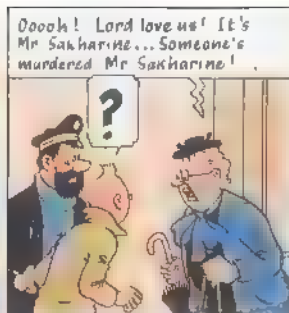
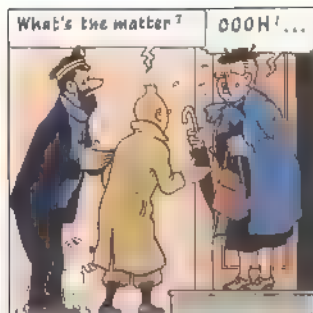
No one has seen me they're still drinking. Quick into the jolly-boat...











Me, the culprit? You dare accuse me?... Miserable earth worms! ... Sea-gherkins!



Slave-traders! 'Sea-lice! Black-beetles! Baboons!



Ant snakes! 'Vermicellis!.. Phyllonera! Pyrographers!



Crab-apples!... Goosecups!.. Gogglers!... Jelly-Pien!

Captain! Captain! Calm yourself!



Yes, please calm yourself, Captain. We only said that by way of an experiment

What sort of experiment?



You see, if you really had been guilty, you'd have been upset. As it is, we are now quite convinced of your innocence



Now, to work! We must look for fingerprints.



Goodness gracious! The corpse was gone!



Look! Your corpse is coming round!



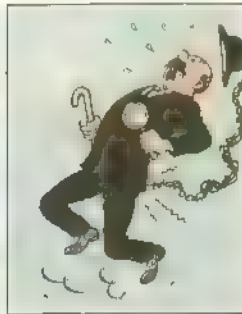
What happened to you, Mr Sakharine?

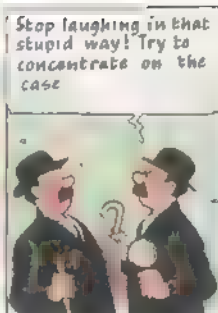
A man came here last night, to offer me some fine old engravings. As I bent over to look at them I felt a pad clamped over my nose...



No doubt it was chloroform, for I became unconscious...

Very odd... To be precise... Can you smell something burning?









# Next morning

## SHOOTING DRAMA

AN unknown man was shot dead in Labrador Road just before midday yesterday. As he was about to enter No 26, three shots were fired from a passing car which had slowed down opposite him. The victim was struck by all three bullets in the region of the heart. He died without regaining consciousness.

Poor dev! No one will ever know what he meant when he pointed to those sparrows



Hello, Captain! Come in. I'm just telephoning the hospital for news of the wounded man



Hello? Is that the House Surgeon? This is Tintin. Good morn'g, Doctor. How's our injured man? Just the same? Still unconscious?... Is there any hope? A little... yes. Thank you. Goodbye.



But look here: it says in the paper that he's dead

Yes, the papers were told he'd died. The crooks will believe he didn't give them away, so they won't be on their guard, and they'll get caught one day.



Ah, I see now. But I still wonder what that poor chap meant, pointing at those sparrows...

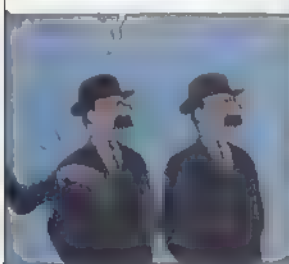
So do I, Captain. It's all very mysterious. "To be precise: very mysterious," as the Thomsons would say.



Another day watching for pickpockets all over the place. I'll be glad to get back home.



Here comes our bus at last!

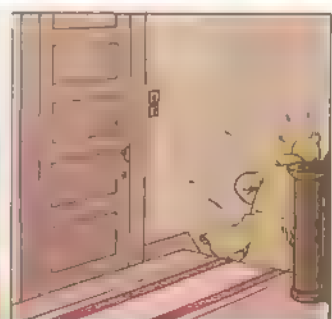
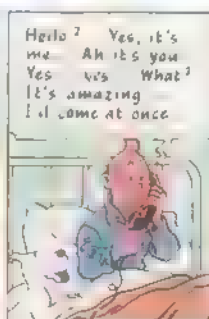


My wallet!... This time I've got you, you scoundrel!

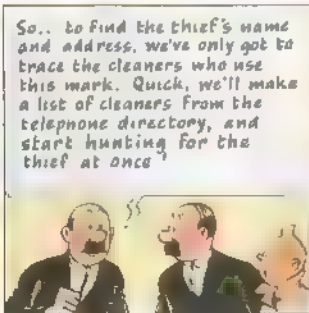
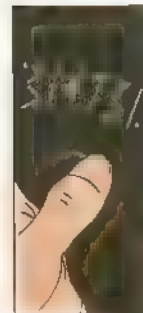


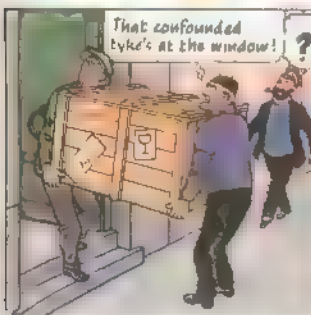
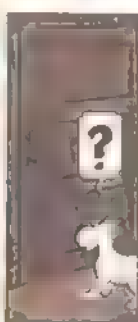
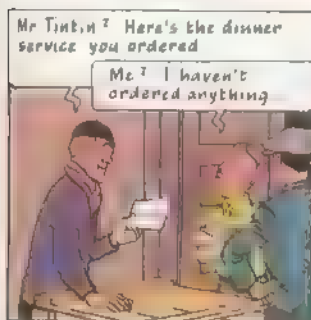
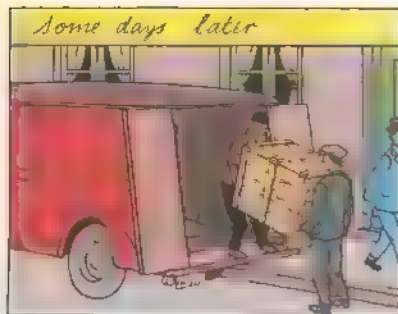
Stop villain!

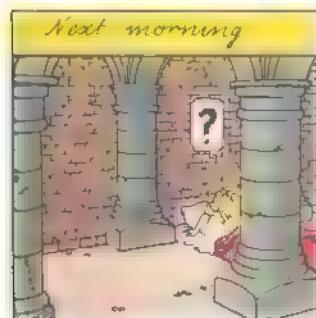
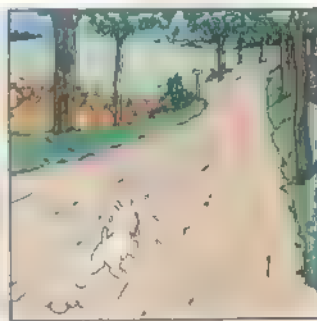
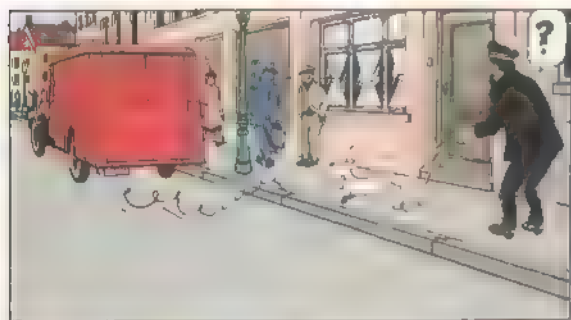
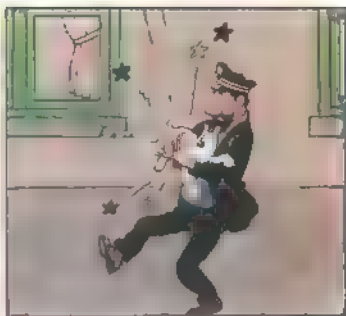










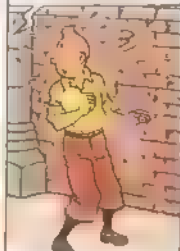




Nobody there! But I wasn't dreaming someone spoke!



Yes, someone spoke!



Who who are you? And where are you?



Who am I? I am the ghost of the captain of the UNICORN!



Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! That frightened you, didn't it? Come over to the door. Come on.

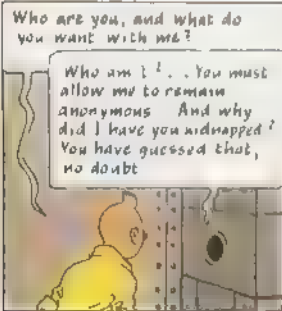


Come nearer. Good. Now, can you see the opening tube?



Who are you, and what do you want with me?

Who am I? . . . You must allow me to remain anonymous. And why did I have you kidnapped? You have guessed that, no doubt.



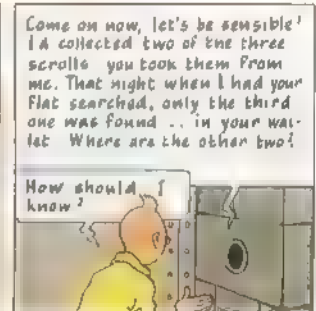
I want to know where you have hidden the two parchments you stole from me.

Me? I stole two parchments? . . . But I never had more than one.



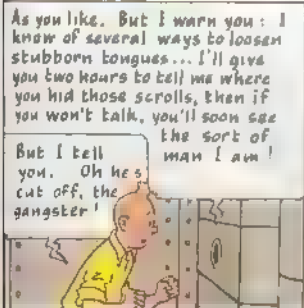
Come on now, let's be sensible! I collected two of the three scrolls you took from me. That night when I had your flat searched, only the third one was found . . . in your wallet. Where are the other two?

How should I know?



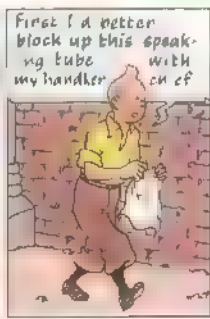
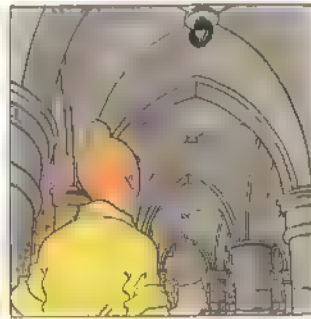
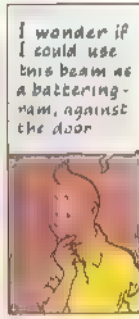
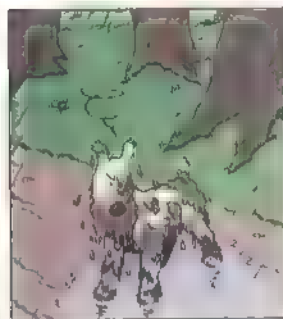
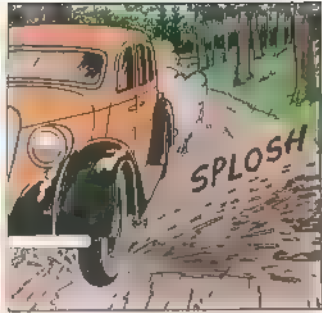
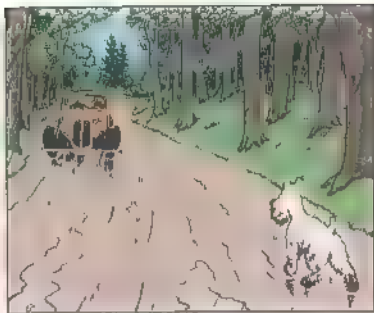
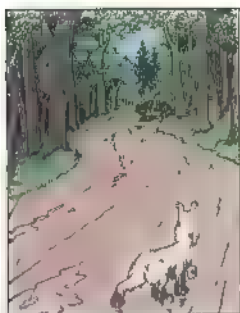
As you like. But I warn you: I know of several ways to loosen stubborn tongues . . . I'll give you two hours to tell me where you hid those scrolls, then if you won't talk, you'll soon see the sort of man I am!

But I tell you. Oh he's cut off, the gangster!

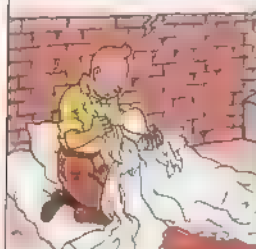


Now I'm in a fine mess! How do I get out of this one?





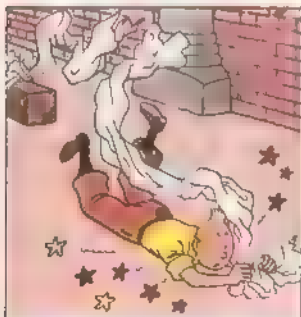
First I'll knot these sheets  
and blankets together



Then tie them securely  
to this beam...



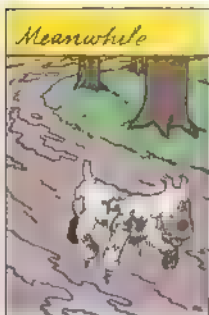
And pull! Heave-ho!... Heave-ho!  
Heave-ho! Heave!



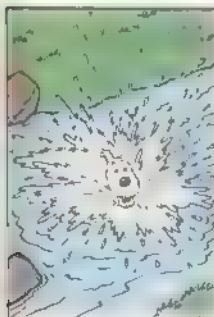
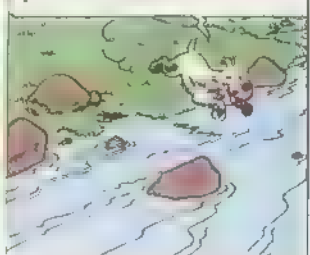
Start again: I've  
simply got to move  
this beam  
now



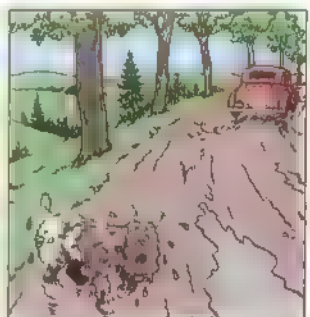
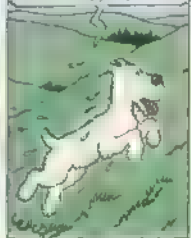
Meanwhile



A quick bath and I'll soon  
get rid of this mud



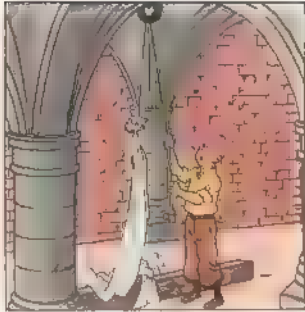
Aha! It's good to  
be nice and  
clean again

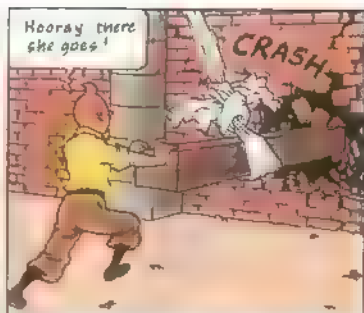
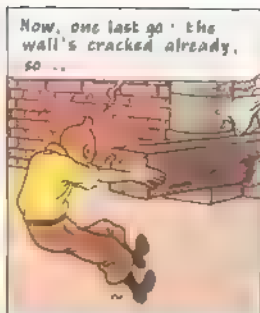


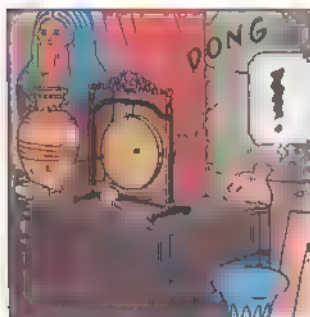
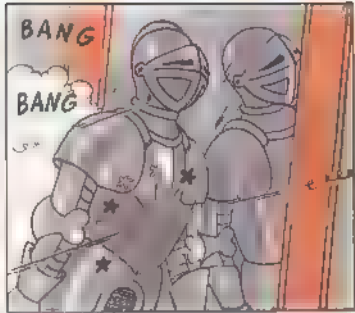
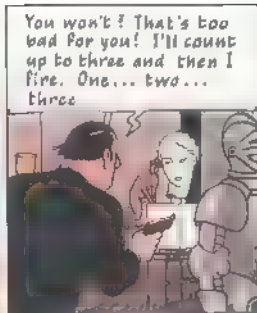




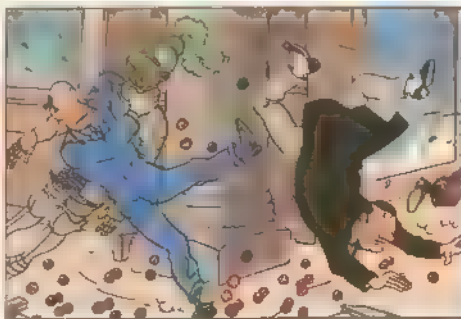
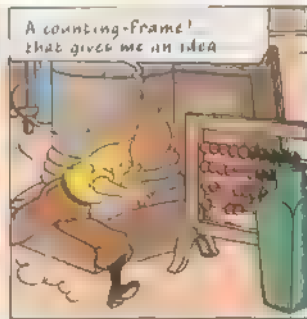
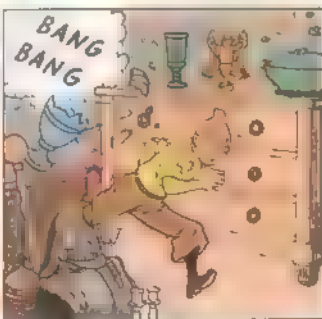
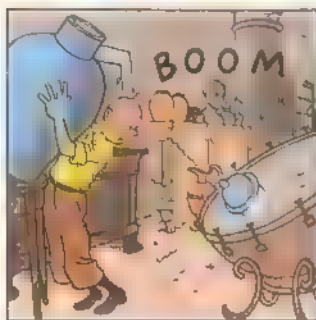
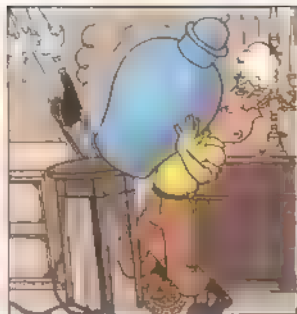
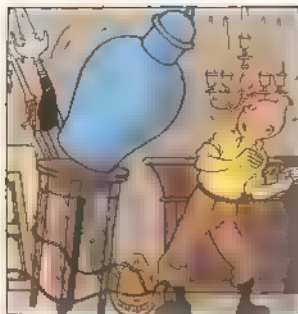
Now I'll be a small stone to the end of this string, like this...









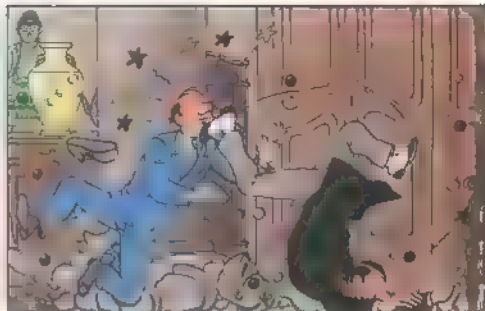




That was  
a good  
idea



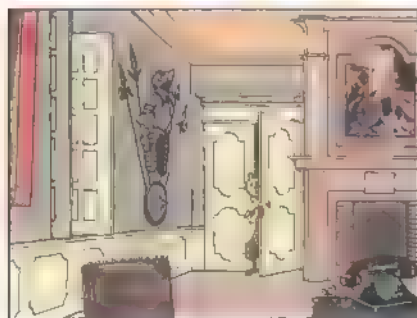
Little Devil! He'll pay  
dearly for this...



So sorry to have to leave  
you gentlemen



And now, tough guys it's your  
turn to be locked in



No time to lose! I must have  
these gangsters arrested  
at once



Now I see what he meant -  
the man who was shot  
pointing to the birds  
He was giving us the  
name of his attackers!  
... Just look at this  
letter ...



Quick, let's ring up the  
Captain ...



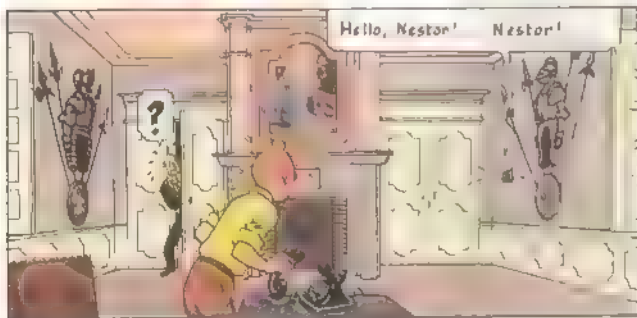
Hello yes ... it's me yes  
Who's speaking? What?  
Tintin! ... I ... Where are  
you? Hello? ... Hello? ...  
Hello! ... Hello? Are you  
there?



What am I doing here? I ... er  
I'm Mr Bird's new secretary.  
Didn't you know that?



I ... no I hadn't heard  
Please excuse me sir.



Hello, Nestor! Nestor!

Hello, Nestor! ... A young ruf-  
fian's broken into the house!  
Stop him telephoning his ac-  
complices! We're coming at  
once. Don't let him get away,  
whatever you do!



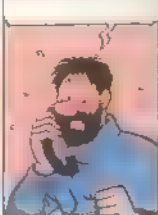
Hello, Captain! I'm at Marlin  
spike Hall ... Bring the police!

Drop that tele-  
phone you!

No, not in  
Greece - in  
Marlinspike  
Hall!



Starlings bite?  
... Hello?  
Hello? Starlings  
bite what?



Marlinspike, Captain!  
Marlinspike Hall!



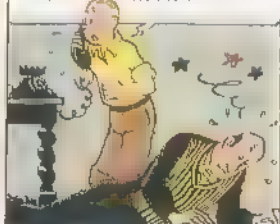
What! ... Martin's  
bite? Hello?  
Hello! ... Thunder  
ing typhoons!  
What's going on?



Marlinspike Hall! Marlinspike!



Hello, Captain? Can you hear me?... I'm at Marlinspike Hall! No, Marlinspike's the name!



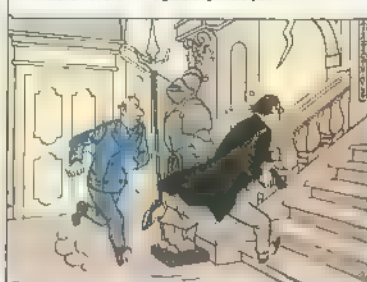
What? What sort of game? Hello! He's rung off!



HELP!  
HELP!



That was Nestor's voice!



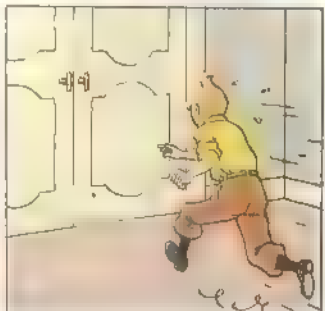
That's torn it! The telephone's broken!



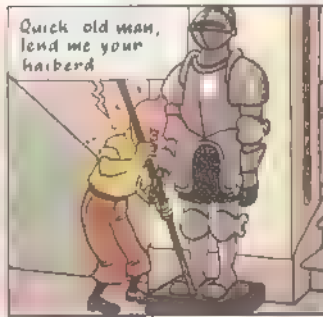
There's only one thing to do - run for it double quick!

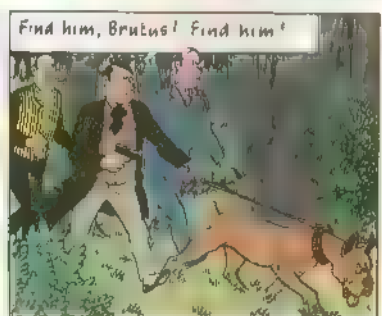
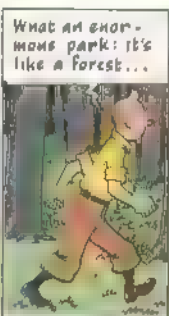
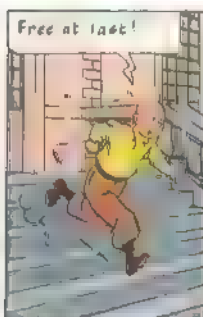
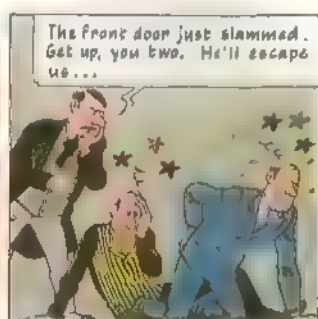
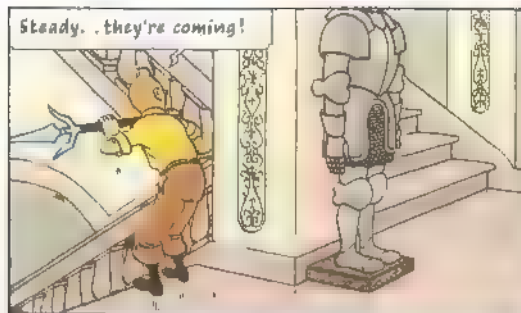


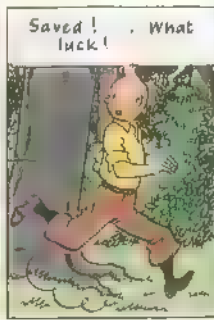
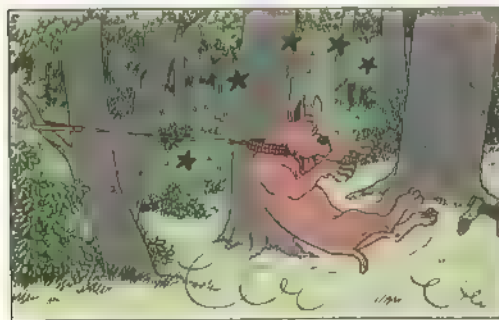
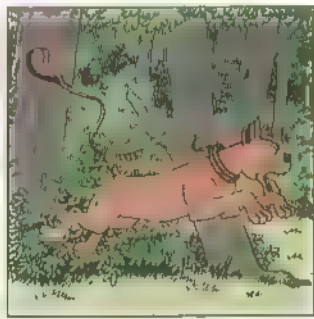
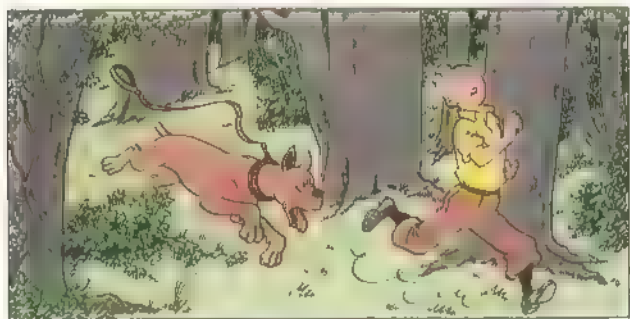
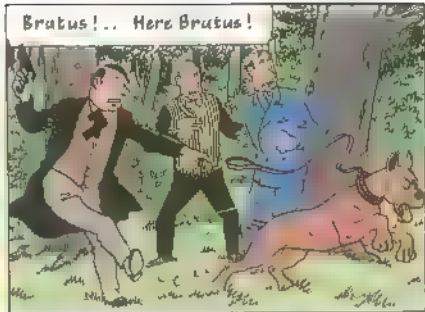
If he's here he can't escape us





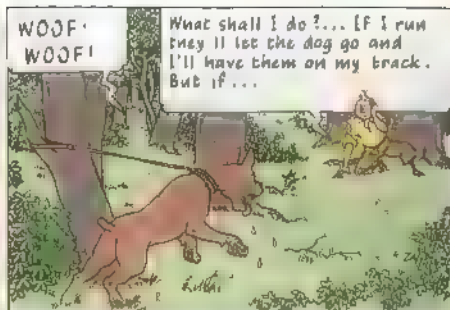








WOOF!  
WOOF!



WOOF!  
WOOF!

What shall I do?... [If I run  
they'll let the dog go and  
I'll have them on my track.  
But if...]



Yes my mind's  
made up. I  
must risk every-  
thing!



We're near y there, that  
barking isn't far off.



Whoops That's it!



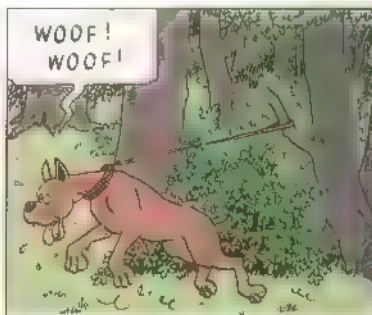
The joke's over you gang-  
sters! Hands up!



Now get up and start walking  
Back to the house!



We can have a nice comfortable  
chat there while we wait for  
the police to arrive..

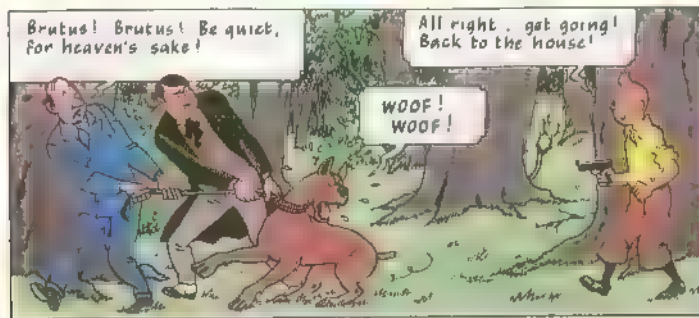


WOOF!  
WOOF!



CRACK





Where are they going?  
.. Oh, I see! That  
little wretch is taking  
care to put Brutus  
back in his kennel

WOOF!  
WOOF

That's that! And now gentle  
men, we'll go to the police-  
station!

They're coming back this  
way - they'll pass under  
the ground-floor win-  
dows. Perhaps there's  
some way...

Keep cool, Nestor!

Here they come!  
Careful, don't miss...

Nestor!

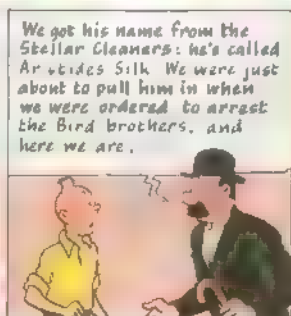
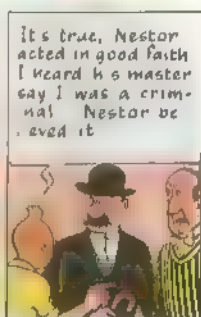
Oh dear! I didn't hit  
him hard enough...

Now then  
once more..

Oh dear!!

Got you this time,  
my young friend!







Gentlemen, there has been a miscarriage of justice! This man is innocent, as Tintin said. Won't you take off these handcuffs... and let him go and fetch me another bottle of brandy?



There, my man, now you're free. And we'll use these handcuffs for your masters!



We'll follow you, Nestor. Don't forget, it's to be three-star!



Now, Captain, tell me how you came to be here.



Oh, yes Right Well

Just after your telephone call - and I didn't understand a word of that - someone rang up from the hospital



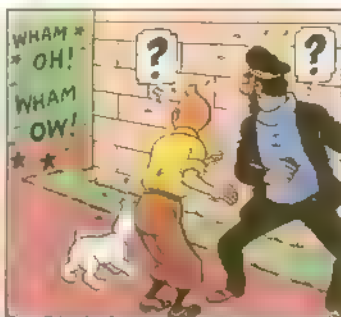
.. where they still had the little-birds-man. After hovering between life and death he'd just come round and identified his attackers: the Bird brothers, antique dealers of Marlinspike Hall. It was only when I heard that name



.. that I understood what you meant on the telephone. There was no time to lose. I warned the police at once, and we rushed here



WHAM \* OH! WHAM OW! \*



We shouldn't have left the police with those two gangsters!...



Look... one's escaping!.. there! He's just turned the corner!

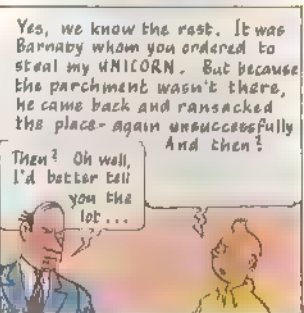
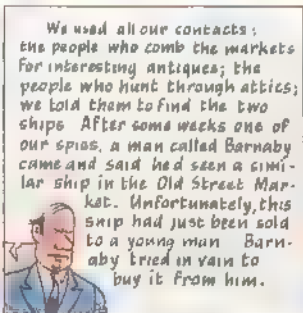
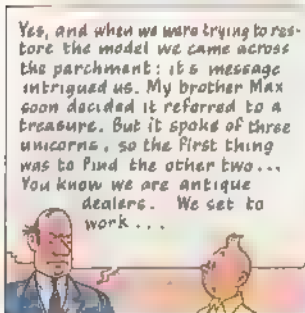
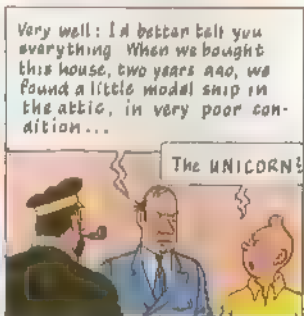
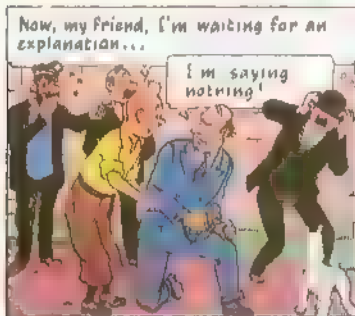
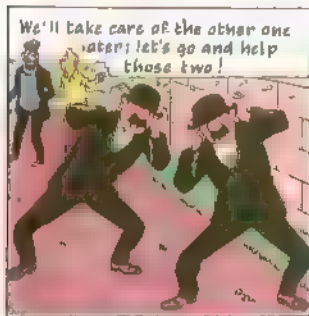
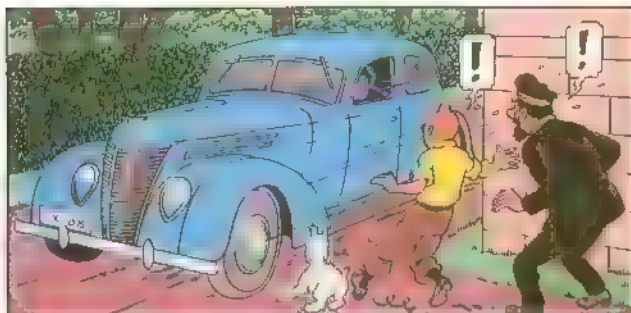


He's the most dangerous of the two: he mustn't get away!



A car! That's a car starting up!



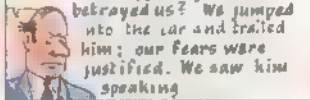


Barnaby came back empty-handed. Then he suddenly remembered the other man who'd been trying to buy the ship from you.

And next day he visited Mr Sakharine, chloroformed him, and stole the third parchment.



That's right. But after he'd given it to us, he and Max quarrelled violently about the money we'd agreed he should have. Barnaby demanded more, but Max stuck to the original sum. Finally Barnaby went, furiously angry and saying we'd regret our meanness. When he'd gone, Max got cold feet - supposing the wretch betrayed us? We jumped into the car and trailed him; our fears were justified. We saw him speaking



.. to you. Panicking in case he'd given the whole game away, Max caught up with you in a few seconds, and shot Barnaby as he stepped into your doorway.

I understand so far: but tell me, why did you kidnap me?



We told you: to make you give up the two parchments you had stolen from us a few days after the shooting.

I see. But I couldn't have stolen them as I didn't know you existed! But I wonder... Perhaps it was.



Yes, perhaps it was Mr Sakharine who took the two scrolls!



Hurrah! That's it!



At last! He's managed to get it off for me.



Come on, Captain we'd better help this poor chap..



Ready! Steady! He's save!



Whoops!





Captain, as soon as we return we'll see Mr Sakharine. I'm sure he took the two scrolls

Yes, we've got one

One! Great snakes! we haven't even got that! The Bird brothers took it! But we can get it back!

Give me back the parchment you stole from my room!



Give it back?... That's impossible... Max has it in his pocket!



Ring up the police station at once, give them a description of Max Bird, and his car number - LX188. Then we'll go straight back to town.

Right!



Next morning

Now for Mr Sakharine.



RRRING



Mr Sakharine! He's gone away, young man. He won't be back for a fortnight



He would be away! That doesn't make things any easier!



In the meantime I'll go and see the Thomsons. Perhaps they'll be able to tell me if they've found Max Bird.



Good morning. Are you going out?... I just came to ask you..

Sh! Mum's the word! Come with us!



Where are we going?

You'll soon see...



and a few minutes later





Mr. Aristides Silk?



I arrest you in the name of the law!

Arrest me?...



Yes, you! You are a thief, sir!...

A thief! Aristides Silk, retired civil servant: a thief! It's a mistake, gentlemen, a shocking mistake!



I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Silk, but could you explain the meaning of all this?...



I... er, yes... Well, I... you see, I'm not a thief! certainly not! But I'm a bit of a... kleptomaniac. It's something stronger than I am: I adore wallets. So

I... I... just find one from time to time. I put a label on it, with the owner's name



... and I add it to my collection ...



I venture to say, gentlemen, that this is a unique collection of its kind. And when I tell you that it only took me three months to assemble you'll agree that it's a remarkable achievement ...

It's amazing! All these wallets in alphabetical order



I wonder if by some extraordinary coincidence...



Hooray!

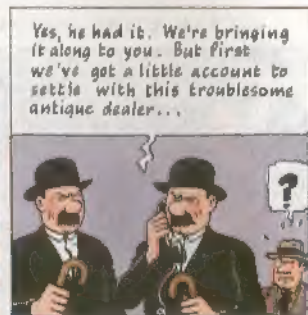
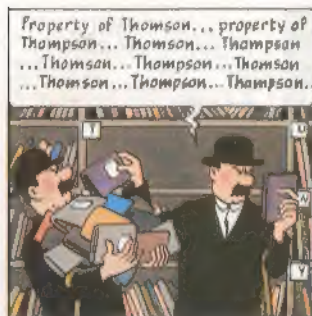


Property of Max Bird picked on 1-5-58



And here are the two pieces of parchment!... Captain, Red Rackham's treasure is ours!







Three Brothers jagged. Thra Unicornes in  
company sailing in the noonday Sunne  
will speak  
For tis from the Light that Light will  
dawn. And then shines forth  
20 31 42 N. 70 52 15 W.

Three company will speak  
the Eagle's +

For tis from the Light that Light will  
dawn. And then shines forth  
42 1 0

the Eagle's +  
Light that Light will  
dawn. And then shines forth  
3 52  
the Eagle's +

No! No! and No! You can go on hunting if you want to, but I've had enough; I give up. Blistering barnacles to that pirate Red Rackham, and his treasure! I'd sooner do without it; I'm not racking my brains any more trying to make sense out of that gibberish! Thundering typhoons! What a thirst it's given me!



I've got it, Captain!...  
I've got it!...

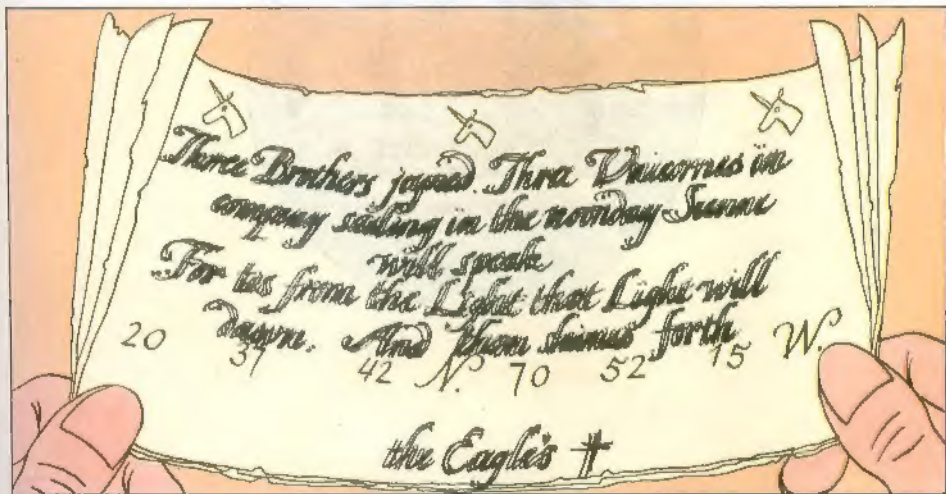


The message is right when it says that it is "from the light that light will dawn!" Look, I put them together...



... and hold them, "sailing in company" in front of the light. Look now! See what comes through!...

Thundering typhoons! The numbers and letters are completed, and it gives us...



A latitude and a longitude!

Obviously telling us  
where the UNICORN  
sank!



Now, Captain... When do  
we leave on our treasure-  
hunt?

When do we leave?  
... Er...



Let's see... First we need a ship... We  
can charter the SIRIUS, a trawler be-  
longing to my friend, Captain Chester...  
Then we need a crew, some diving suits  
and all the right equipment for this  
sort of expedition... That will take  
us a little time to arrange. We'd bet-  
ter say a month. Yes, in a  
month we could be ready to leave.



Red Rackham's  
treasure will  
be ours!



But of course it won't be  
easy, and we shall certainly  
have plenty of adventures on  
our treasure-hunt... You  
can read about them in  
**RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE**



HERDE

